

# A Worthy Kings Description.

Both Country and City give ear to this ditty,  
Whilst that I the praises sing,  
And fame his honour out doth Ring,  
That best deserveth to wear the Crown;  
For Worth there's none can put him down  
And this is no flattering, to describe a worthy King;  
His Subjects here their desires explain,  
Desiring that he may enjoy his own again.



**B**Rave news there is I understand,  
Brought by one that late did land,  
Many that heretofore were sad,  
Their hearts full merrye are, and glad,  
And rejoyce for his sake,  
That amends will us make,  
And will please us all as then,  
For he that we did lack  
Is now returning back  
For to enjoy his own again.

Fair England will be well content  
With the chief of men in government,  
When the Churches Champion smiles upon her,  
Earths Majesty and Natures honour;  
His foes unto him he will draw,  
Hee's the director of the Law.  
And the Nations Rights he will maintain;  
These things will appear  
Before the next new year.  
When the King enjoys his own again.

When the Scepter of mercy he doth hold,  
And true Justice doth unfold,  
And when he doth his own embrace,  
Where you may see the glass of grace,  
And the terror of Treason  
Which is but Reason.  
The poor mans Cause he will maintain;  
no man can this deny,  
hee's the life of Ayalty,  
When that he enjoys, &c.

His command if Right is without dispute,  
Then will his power be absolute;  
In him Wisdome is very ripe,  
And his favour will lengthen life;  
His Subjects his charge will be,  
And his care for their safety.  
This pleasure will true peace maintain,  
Which we shall prove  
His joy to be our love,  
When the King, &c.

His wisdom is not to be paralel'd  
By all that e're the Scepter held,  
'cause it is without all equality,  
We hope no man can this deny:  
He is of great renown,  
And best deserves the Crown;  
For why he hath most right to reign,  
thus saith the Trump of fame  
that he deserves the same,  
For to enjoy, &c.

If for the same he be appointed,  
And he be call'd the Lords anointed;  
Like a King he must be served,  
And be tenderly preferred:  
When he the head must be  
Of the publick body:  
If that his right he doth regain,  
he will tender of us be  
if that we live to see  
Him to enjoy, &c.

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**H**E's a blessing o'er his people by place,  
 And Gods Alcegerent full of grace:  
 He is no foreign Conqueror,  
 But our Supream Governour,  
 His safety his Councells cares,  
 And his health his Subjects prayers:  
 Whilst that on Earth he doth remain,  
 his pleasure is his Peeres.  
 that great Jehovah fears,  
 and to enjoy his own again.

And so to cheer his Subjects sadnesse,  
 His content will be their gladnesse,  
 His presence must Reverenced be,  
 According to his high degree;  
 His person must not be scorned,  
 But his civill Court adorned,  
 When in fair England he doth reign,  
 all men shall be free,  
 and set at liberty,  
 When the King, &c.

What rightfull thing by him is said,  
 Dought not so to be disobey'd;  
 One thing cannot be denied.  
 That his wants must be supplied,  
 For his place unregarded,  
 But Royally Rewarded,  
 And richly his state maintain:  
 then let our prayers be  
 these happy days to see.  
 That the King may enjoy, &c.

Although a God he cannot be,  
 Hee's more then an ordinary man we see,  
 Wee do hope hee's so divine,  
 That from the right he'l not decline.  
 For yet will he delay  
 Gods laws to obey,  
 And all mens Rights so to maintain,  
 which suddenly will be,  
 when that men do see  
 That the King, &c.

I now crave pardon for this bold thing,  
 For describing of a worthy King,  
 And heartily for him will pray  
 Unto the Lord both night and day,  
 And under Heaven him commend,  
 That the Lord will him defend,  
 That he in this Land long time may Reign,  
 these blessings then will be  
 who ever lives to see  
 The King, &c.

Then shall London Conduits run with Wine,  
 With melodious noise of Quicke fine;  
 Then Bells shall Ring, and Bone fires burn,  
 For joy of his gracious return,  
 From sorrow we  
 hope to be free,  
 From Tyranny and slavish pain,  
 then let us all rejoyce  
 both with heart and voice,  
 When the King & joys his own again.

FINIS.